

THE MINERVA.

GET WISDOM, AND WITH ALL THY GETTING, GET UNDERSTANDING—PROVERBS OF SOLOMON.

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POPULAR TALES.

FROM THE FRENCH, GERMAN, ITALIAN, SPANISH, AND ENGLISH.

Truth severe, by fiction dress.—GRAY.

MAMANA, OR A TALE OF VAVAO.

A FEW years since, an English vessel touched at Vavao, one of the Friendly Islands. The crew were very hospitably received by the king, and being detained several weeks on account of some necessary repairs, became intimate with the most distinguished natives. The Europeans found these people extremely amiable as friends, although they could easily perceive, that when influenced by hostile feelings, their character was irritable, ferocious, and vindictive. The queen having sustained a slight injury from a fall, Mr. Piers, the surgeon of the ship, was requested to attend her, and for that purpose resided chiefly in the king's house. His acquaintance with his hosts soon improved into friendship; for their characters were eminently calculated to please each other. Piers was an ardent enthusiastic spirit, overflowing with kindness, and acutely sensitive; he had long pined for more cordial intercourse than the superficial civility of polished society, and he was delighted to find himself actually beloved and cherished by beings in whose susceptibility, unaffected manners, and uncontrolled passions, he found something congenial with his own feelings, and whose ignorance of European arts did not, in his opinion, degrade them in the scale of humanity, or render them less interesting. Nor were they less pleased with a European, who united more of European intelligence with more native affability and kindness than any other white man they had seen. This connexion became so intimate on both sides, Piers began to think seriously of ending his days among his new friends, alleging, as an excuse to the English, the delicate state of his health, and the congeniality of the climate with his constitution. But the crew were by no means willing to relinquish the valuable services of their surgeon upon the eve of their long and perilous homeward voyage. The officers remonstrated with him, and the men proceeded to menaces. It is not likely that he was intimidated, since the natives, a warlike and well-armed people, were able and willing to protect him. But he probably reflected that his engagements ought to be kept sacred, and that his obstinacy might involve many of his countrymen in destruction. He therefore sailed with the rest. Soon after his arrival in England he fell a victim to a pulmonary complaint, which had attacked him on the voyage, and he died in obscurity at London. Some papers which he left remained untouched for several years, until an inquisitive relative was lately induced to open them, when his curiosity was rewarded with the following tale, which he supposes to be founded on facts relating to the royal pair who had been so much esteemed by his kinsman; but he has hitherto had no opportunity of ascertaining the truth of this conjecture.

The lovely Mamana, reclining on soft mats, in the shade of her cocoa-grove, directed the labours of her women, who were busily staining with various devices

and colours the fine cloths of gnatoo, with which their mistress was soon to be adorned as the bride of the valiant Malohi. Amidst the thousand charms of the female band, Mamana, the descendant and representative of the great and ancient, shone conspicuously by the beauty and majesty of her person, the dignity and sweetness of her countenance, and the easy grace of her attitudes and gestures. But at intervals her abstracted air and deep sighs betrayed the feverish anxiety of the destined bride. Her faithful Imahie observed the restless thoughts of her mistress; she thought of the tranquilizing power of song, and made a sign to two of the maidens; one of whom instantly began the following old national melody, which the other accompanied on the fango-fango, or flute, into which she skillfully breathed through her nostril.

Fresh from ocean blows the breeze,
And the sun sinks in the seas
In crimson clouds of fire;
Let us seek the rocky shore,
Where the rolling surges roar
With loud and furious ire;
From lofty cliffs, with fearful joy, we'll bend,
And see the dashing waves beneath contend.

Thence to that sweet shelter'd bay,
Where the crystal waters play
O'er smooth and solid sands;
There our polish'd limbs we'll lave,
And wanton freely o'er the wave,
A gay and mirthful band.
For sportive maids the gods, that shelter, keep
Safe from the greedy monsters of the deep.

How joyful once we pass'd the hours,
We danced, we sang, we twined our flow'rs;
Or sported in the tide,
Ere yet the youth of Vavao
The savage strangers' war-canoes
To battle had led;
Ye powers divine, the woes of war remove,
Restore the happy days of peace and love!

The sweet and simple air breathed a placid calm into the heart of Mamana, which music ruled with absolute power. But the concluding words filled her dark eyes with tears, for she feared that her young warrior might soon be compelled to exchange her fond embraces for the deadly grapple of the men of Hamoa.

Whilst she was absorbed in these thoughts, Taiofa, a renowned warrior, who long had sought her hand, stood suddenly before her. Scarcely could she endure his fierce and eager gaze, and the terrible lowering of his dark brow; and she saw, with a momentary terror, that he wore his war-dress, and carried the ponderous club so dreaded by the foe. The women shrieked at his appearance, and starting up, awaited the event in trembling expectation. He regarded them not, but suppressing with difficulty the stormy passions which convulsed his soul, thus addressed Mamana in a low and constrained voice, terrific from its forced moderation. "Mamana, there is yet a moment between thee and ruin. Malohi never shall possess thee. The gods, who gave me superior valour, decreed that I should choose before him. Why will the wretch rush into the fatal jaws of the shark. Who now lives that hath injured Taiofa?"

"Have I injured thee?" replied the maiden; "have I no right to give my hand to whom I please? Was I born thy slave, or hast thou bought me from a captor? It well becomes thee to vaunt thy ferocity to a defenceless woman. My father was as much the terror of the foe as thou art, but who ever heard him boast? When did Malohi talk of his deeds?"

"When did he perform them?" retort-

ed Taiofa; "two or three warriors may have sunk beneath his club—weak men of little fame. Who in Vavao compares him with Taiofa? When I banqueted in Fiji on the flesh of the bravest warriors of the land, slain by this arm, thy puny minion sickened at the sight of my warlike feast. But it is plain that the gods have devoted the wretch to destruction."

As he said this he whirled round his heavy club, and then struck furiously on the ground. His eyes sparkled with rage. Mamana was terrified, yet with true female address she sought to calm the maddening chief. She approached him in tears and took his hand: "Taiofa," she said, "thou wert the friend of my father, and often hast thou promised that venerable chief to protect his daughter. Wilt thou then destroy her? Thou hast four wives younger and fairer than Mamana, why dost thou seek to increase the disquietude of thy home? Thou art the most formidable of the warriors of our island, but Malohi is loved by many chiefs of renown. His death would not pass unrevenged. Cease then, these cruel thoughts, and live in friendship and peace with Mamana and the beloved of her heart." At these words Taiofa writhed with impatience; once he half raised his club to crush the fair pleader; but he thought of his fame. "Live, foolish girl," he cried, "live, and marry my hated rival; but remember that Taiofa hath avowed his death."

He strode angrily away, leaving Mamana oppressed with grief and fear. As custom would not allow her to visit her intended husband before their marriage, she instantly despatched a messenger in search of him. Malohi was quickly at her feet, and heard the tender warnings of her fears. Indignation and fury blazed in his eyes when he heard of the insults he had suffered; but he uttered no threats. Mamana, however, saw the fierce resolution he had formed. "No, Malohi," she said, "leave him to the torments of his own furious passions; risk not thy virtuous life against this monster, who is, alas! too formidable. Inform the chiefs, thy friends, of his designs. Keep thy followers about thee; neglect no means for securing thy own safety, but provoke not the contest. Subdue that horrid useless passion for revenge—leave this violent man to himself, and let us hope that time and reflection will soften his ferocious heart, and make him seek our friendship and forgiveness."

The youth kissed his beautiful counselor, and promised to avoid his enemy. He then conversed with her on their future prospects, and laid down many a visionary scheme of bliss. In this delightful converse they remained till late in the evening; the full moon beamed brightly over the scene—the nightingale's sweet and plaintive song thrilled through the woods—the lovers seemed alone in the world, and all the world to each other. They parted reluctantly at Mamana's house, where her female attendants received her.

In the morning they heard that Taiofa had left the island, and rejoiced in his departure, which they attributed to shame and remorse for his outrageous behaviour. No further obstacle impeding the wishes of the lovers, their nuptials were celebrated a few days afterwards with due solemnities and rejoicings. The king and all

the principal chiefs, to whom Malohi was deservedly dear, attended the festivity.

The marly, an extensive lawn before the royal mansion, was the scene of the nuptial rejoicings. At one end of it the king, the principal chiefs, the bride and bridegroom, were seated to witness the performance of the day. At a little distance from them, the most plentiful supply of provisions was arranged for distribution after the games. Baked pork, the flesh of a particular species of dogs fattened for the purpose, bananas, yams, and cocoas, formed the chief articles of the feast. Near these, fifty singers and musicians sat in order on the grass. Some of them beat a drum, consisting of a cylindrical piece of hollowed wood, covered with skin; others played on a sort of sticado, or instrument composed of pieces of hard wood of different sizes, by striking which they produced the various notes; others again performed on different sorts of flutes, all of which were played by the breath of the nostrils. The singers raised their voices in harmony with the instruments, and chanted the delights of love and the rewards of valour.

At the king's command, a hundred shells sounded for the gymnastic entertainments to commence. Instantly from each side of the arena twenty warriors advanced. They wore their war dresses, consisting of lofty helmets of thick basket-work, covered with the fine downy scarlet plumage of a small bird, coats of mail, composed of teeth strung in rows, and breastplates of mother of pearl obtained from enormous shells. An immense fan-like plume of long scarlet tail feathers overspread their helms, the front of which were made to resemble the hideous faces of evil spirits. They were armed with clubs lighter than those used in war, and with pointless spears. Moving to slow and solemn music, they danced for a while in two divisions, frequently flourishing their weapons, and at regular pauses in the music, advancing near to each other in attitudes of defiance. By degrees the music, rising louder and quicker, excited a martial sensation in every bosom. The two divisions of warriors separated to a great distance, and threw their spears with prodigious force and unerring aim, but with similar dexterity all avoided the blows. Then, raising their war cry, they rushed together with their clubs, and fought as if life or liberty were at stake. But in these games regulations were adopted for preventing the useless waste of life, and preventing the fatal effects of irritation. At a single blast of the conch, the combatants threw down their arms, and each taking the hand of his adversary, they marched off to the places prepared for them.

To a voluptuous yet melancholy air, a band of beautiful females now slowly advanced with graceful movement. The beauty and admirable regularity of their steps, the easy grace with which they moved their heads and arms, called forth a cry of pleasure and surprise from all the spectators. The whole assembly gazed with rapture, inspired by the charms of beauty, music, and the graceful postures of the lovely dancers, who seemed animated by one soul.

Suddenly the fire of twenty muskets from the adjacent shrubberies stretched the king and nineteen brave chiefs dead or wounded on the grass. Before the pause of horror had been broken by a

single scream, another volley scattered death among the multitude. The flash and report of arms, the cries of the wounded, and the screams of the terrified females,—the simultaneous rush to the outlets, for escape, instantly converted the scene of peaceful pleasure to the most appalling spectacle. Hundreds of warriors, armed and painted in the manner of the Hamoa islanders, rushing in all directions from their ambuscade, with terrible shouts, soon showed the devoted and unarmed assembly the dreadful fate which awaited them. On every side the ruthless enemy dealt destructive blows; and ere the terrified gazers could collect their scared thoughts, they were added to the number of the slain.

The warriors of Vavaoo met death without fear or complaint. A few grappling desperately with their armed foes, wrenched from them their weapons, and had the consolation of selling their lives dearly; others, even without weapons, made a terrible resistance, and by their natural strength and the ferocity of hopeless despair, contrived not to fall unrevenged. A few of the elder chiefs perceiving from the first that death was inevitable, awaited the fatal blow with folded arms and unmoved countenances. In a few minutes, of all the company so lately rejoicing and thoughtless of danger, two only remained alive on the spot. A few had escaped; but the greater part had perished by the clubs and spears of the warriors of Hamoa.

The survivors were Malohi and Mamana. At the first appearance of the enemy, Mamana had flown to the arms of her lover for protection; and in the next moment they were seized by four of the Hamoa warriors, who guarded them until the work of destruction was completed. Mamana swooned, and was spared the consciousness of the horrors by which she was surrounded; but the unhappy Malohi beheld the whole of the dreadful scene.—When he found that he and his bride were alone to be preserved, a horrible suspicion instantly occurred to him, and he perceived impending dangers far more terrible than the death-blows which fell around him.

The conquerors, with boisterous mirth, now shared amongst themselves the feast which had been provided for the solemnity; and when they had appeased their hunger, the prisoners were carried before the leaders of the victorious warriors.—The terrified Mamana dared not to lift her eyes, until roused by an exclamation of horror and rage from her lover, she looked up, and saw, hideous with malicious delight, the ferocious countenance of Taiofa. The last spark of hope was extinguished in her bosom. She uttered a piercing shriek, and fell senseless on the ground. Taiofa commanded two of his men to carry her off. Malohi felt that he should never see her more; he struggled to break from his guards to enjoy a last embrace, but was unable to shake off their powerful grasp. Taiofa beheld his agony with a smile. "Son of the weak and foolish," said he, "cease to exhaust thy puny strength in contending with men; a foe expects thee, whose attacks will require thy utmost care. Canst thou beat off the waves of ocean? Canst thou wrestle with the rising waters? Soon, in the agonies of drowning, thy choking spirit shall vainly curse its presumption in aspiring to the chosen bride of Taiofa."

Malohi attempted to reply, but instantly received a blow on the mouth from one of the guards, while others forced a piece of wood in his mouth, which they fastened so as to prevent his speaking; they then tied his hands and feet together. At the command of Taiofa, they hurried the unfortunate youth down to the beach, and threw him into a canoe, into which two of them followed him. They instantly began to paddle out to sea, towing with them an old leaky boat, in which their prisoner was to be left bound, gradually to sink.—

Already it was half filled with water, and continued to fill rapidly. Malohi beheld with horror the miserable fate to which he was devoted; but when he thought of that which awaited Mamana, his agony became insupportable. The insulting conqueror stood on the beach eagerly watching the progress of the vessel, which had now reached the intended distance; the rowers, with refined cruelty, took the gag from their prisoner's mouth, that their chief might enjoy the fiendish pleasure of hearing his despairing cries and execrations. The dreadful moment was now arrived. One of the men began to haul the leaky canoe alongside of that in which they were. As he stopped, his companion raising his paddle, struck him a dreadful blow on the head, which stunned him; he fell dead into the sea. The man who had performed this extraordinary action, quickly cut the cords by which Malohi was bound, and pointing to the shore, where the chiefs and warriors were fast launching their canoes, with terrible outcries, to pursue them, bade Malohi to pull with all his might. He obeyed in silence. They made for a rocky and uninhabited part of the coast, with the desperate energy of men struggling for life. But they soon saw the vindictive Taiofa, with many others, strenuously labouring to overtake them. The canoes of the pursuers were each rowed by several men; and they soon gained upon the fugitives, whose strength began to fail. In vain the latter redoubled their efforts; their powers were exhausted; and Taiofa's canoe came swiftly on. The triumphant menaces of that terrible chief resounded in their ears as they doubled the angle of a jutting rock, and entered a pool formed in a recess of its lofty perpendicular side. Malohi, seeing no outlet for escape, uttered a deep groan. "Now follow me," said his companion, and dived into the sea. Without hesitation Malohi followed him. The pursuers in a few moments came up with the empty canoe; and when they found that their destined victims had precipitated themselves into the ocean to escape their cruelty, their disappointment broke out in dreadful execrations.

Meantime the unfortunate Mamana, on recovering from her swoon, found herself in an apartment of the house which had lately been the king's, attended by two of her own women. They informed her that several of their companions had been killed in the late dreadful affray, and the rest enslaved by the Hamoa people; and that the house in which they were was strongly guarded. From them also she learned the fate to which her lover had been condemned, and which they imagined he had suffered. At this dreadful intelligence her grief was unbounded; she seized a sharp instrument that lay accidentally near her, and wounded her face and head in several places; tore her beautiful hair, and throwing herself on the ground, abandoned herself entirely to her grief, uttering the most piteous cries. In this state she was found by Taiofa on his return. Her swollen and bleeding face, her torn and soiled garments, her scattered tresses, and the extravagance of her sorrow, protected her for the time from the wild passions of the chief. He gave orders for every attention to her accommodation, and retired to meditate and ripen a new and important scheme. In returning from their fruitless pursuit, the Hamoa warriors had perceived a small European vessel in the offing, which was evidently endeavouring to make Vavaoo. Taiofa was desirous of taking this vessel; and as that could only be effected by stratagem, he had appointed a consultation of chiefs at the house of the god Tootitonga.

The priest of Tootitonga was the oracle of these islands. He kept up a daily intercourse with his divinity, and managed his replies with so much address, that they were generally sure of being confirmed by events. To maintain the dignity of the divinity he represented, he

often judged it expedient to require a human sacrifice; and such was his influence, that even when he named for that purpose the children of the most distinguished persons in the island, their parents never withheld them from his sanguinary grasp. He was maintained in the most luxurious manner by the devout natives, who carried him plenty of dainties, which, he assured them, was the most agreeable service they could render to heaven.

When the chiefs had assembled in his house, each of them made an offering to the god; and then Taiofa inquired of him, whether they should succeed in their intended attack on the white men's ship.—The priest seemed to meditate for some time; then appeared in a sort of trance; then foamed at the mouth, uttered several strange cries, and soon afterwards became calm. He then told them Tootitonga had been with him, and assured him that if they did not conquer, it would be their own fault; and that, as he intended to protect them, he required them to offer to him, through his priest, all the drink they might find in the white men's ship, together with some shirts and trowsers, for the more magnificent apparel of his priest. These conditions they promised to fulfil, and departed full of confidence in their undertaking.

It was determined that Taiofa, and eleven Hamoa chiefs, should each go on board the vessel, with a canoe laden with hogs, coconuts, and other provisions, as presents and for traffic, and attended by eight or ten resolute warriors. They were to affect the most friendly disposition and peaceable intentions, until they should be so dispersed over the ship, that every one of the crew might be singly and suddenly attacked, and stabbed with their iron-wood daggers, which were to be concealed under their cloaks.

Early the next morning the ship had anchored in the bay, and a few canoes were sent to open a friendly communication, which was very adroitly performed. The confederate chiefs then began to go off to the ship by degrees, and were received on board in the most amicable manner. Presents were interchanged, and purchases made. The number of the islanders on board somewhat exceeded that of the crew. Taiofa, as the principal chief, met with particular attentions from the captain. His people were now dispersing themselves in the manner agreed on, and Taiofa perceived they would presently expect the signal he was to give by stabbing the captain. A loud cry suddenly pierced his ear, and turning round, he saw one of his confederates fall mortally wounded by the dirk of an officer. Instantly the whole crew, drawing pistols from their bosoms, fired upon the treacherous natives, whose lifeless bodies soon strewed the deck. A few only escaped by jumping overboard. Taiofa, detected, terrified, and thunderstruck, conceiving that the gods had revealed the plot to the white men, fell prostrate at the captain's feet. He was raised from the deck by two seamen; but what was his horror and amazement at seeing, immediately behind the captain, the figure of Malohi. He now judged that he was in the land of spirits, where his victim's ghost would eternally torment him for his cruelty. But he was soon undeceived.

"Thou seest me alive," said Malohi, "and my preservation has led to the detection and punishment of thy perfidy.—Where is Mamana?"—A faint hope of safety cheered the miserable Taiofa. He knew the generosity of his rival, and eagerly declared that Mamana was well and safe, and had suffered no insult or injury from him. "Tis well," said Malohi, "traitor and murderer, as thou art, thou hast yet forborne one crime. Say, should I obtain thy life from the white chief, shall there be peace between us?"

But the reproaches of his rival had changed the thoughts of Taiofa. He perceived that his power was destroyed—his

reputation gone—his hopes blighted—and that protracted life would only be lengthened infamy; nor could he hope that the people of Vavaoo, his injured countrymen, would forgive his treacherous introduction of their Hamoa enemies. He therefore resolved to die. "Know," said he, "that Taiofa disdains thy intercession.—He can suffer death as unmoved as he can inflict it." As he said these words, he was seized by the French seamen, who dragged him into the hold, and loaded him with irons.

Hundreds of canoes surrounded the vessel, chiefly filled with natives of Vavaoo. When they saw the fall of so many of the Hamoa warriors, they rejoiced in the prospect of their speedy deliverance from those invaders. They, therefore, showed no disposition to interfere. The French captain, however, regarded them all as enemies, and maintained all due precautions; he was therefore much relieved when Malohi explained to him the real state of affairs. After relating the jealous rivalry between himself and Taiofa, and the treacherous manner in which that warrior had betrayed his countrymen to the people of Hamoa, he proceeded to narrate his own escape:—

"When I precipitated myself into the waves, in imitation of my companion, I thought merely of disappointing the vengeance of my rival, by rushing into the arms of death. But when I rose again to the surface, the instinct of nature compelled me to strive for existence. I breathed the air, but seemed in utter darkness. With what rapture did I hear my companion whisper, 'Courage—be still—you are safe!'—At the same instant he assisted me to a crag, by which I held for some time. My eyes soon began to accustom themselves to the dim light of the place in which we were, and which at first I thought quite dark. I then perceived it to be a spacious cavern, into which the entrance from the sea lay beneath the surface. The light was faintly reflected from the bottom of the sea, through the aperture into this cave. We now emerged from the water, and sat on the crags in silence, dreading lest any of our pursuers should remain on the watch near the spot. But when the failure of the light warned us of the approach of evening, we ventured to quit the cave. We dived out of it in the same manner as we had entered it, swam for a considerable distance round the projecting rock, and at length safely landed.

"We remained concealed among the cliffs till the evening, during which time my preserver informed me of the motives by which he had been induced to undertake my deliverance, and explained the means by which he had effected it. He was a young native of Hamoa, named Fanaw; and although I did not remember him, yet he fortunately recollected that in an invasion of his country by the people of Vavaoo, while he was yet a boy, I had dissuaded our chiefs from putting to death a number of prisoners, among whom were himself, his mother, and sister. He had accidentally discovered this cave when fishing, and happily for me had never disclosed the secret of its existence. At night we issued from our concealment, and I found that we had landed near the dwelling of the priest of Tootitonga. I had no doubt that Taiofa and his Hamoa warriors had spared the old man from veneration for the god he serves, and I thought that I might depend on his aid for food, shelter, and the means of escaping to one of the Tonga islands. We therefore advanced towards his dwelling; but as we approached, we perceived an unusual number of lights, and heard the sound of many voices. Fanaw proposed to retreat instantly, but I felt an irresistible impulse to ascertain who were with the priest, and on what occasion. I therefore crept through the shrubs close up to his house, near the apertures where only a mat separated me from those within.—

There I overheard the account of your arrival, O brave white chief! and the treacherous plot laid for your assassination, and the capture of your ship. Fannaw and I determined to apprise you of the intended attack, in hopes that timely notice might enable you to turn the attempts of your enemies to their own destruction, and thus relieve the island of Vavaoo from its sanguinary tyrants. For this purpose we traversed the country till we arrived on the coast opposite your vessel, seized a canoe, and came off to you before dawn. The event has fulfilled our expectations."

The sorrowful Mamana, exhausted by her frantic grief, had sunk into a deep but unquiet sleep, in which she passed the night. The visions of slumber presented to her the most fearful images: sometimes she beheld her lover bound and sinking in his canoe—she saw his face sink beneath the waves, and heard his last gurgling cries as the waters suffocated him. Again he appeared as if revived, struggling with his terrible rival, and at last slain by his spear; when the victor commanded his flesh to be prepared for his horrid feast. In the morning she awoke to the consciousness of her dreadful fate. On a pile of mats she sat motionless; her arms embracing her knees; her tearless eyes fixed on vacancy. Her sagacious attendant soon perceived the symptoms of impending insanity; and, in hopes to relieve her by exciting her tears, she sang in a low tone, and mournful measure, an old and pathetic elegy, of which the following may give some idea:—

What sounds in the forest, so mournfully swelling,
Thrill, plaintive, and sweet, through the silence
of night?

'Tis the heart-broken maid, in her desolate
dwelling,
Bewailing the youth who has perish'd in fight.

Fled is the beauty her eyes that enchanted,
Mute is the voice that pour'd love and delight,
Cold is the breast on her bosom that panted,
Fall'n is the youth in the terrible fight.

Far o'er the waves is an island of pleasure,
Heroes departed there reign in delight;
There, hapless maid, seek thy dearly-lov'd
treasure,
There dwells thy lover, who fell in the fight.

Mamana at first seemed unconscious of the song; but at length some particular note seemed to rivet her attention. She listened—changed her attitude—and towards the conclusion wept abundantly.

A loud and continued noise was now heard without; and in a few minutes the two Hamoa warriors, who had been left to guard them, entered the house, pursued by a number of the Vavaoo people, who soon despatched them with their clubs.—They then explained to Mamana the revolution of her fortune, and that of her country, occasioned by the failure of Taiofa's enterprise, in which the principal Hamoa warriors having fallen, the people had risen against those who were left behind, and put them to death. They also acquainted her with the supposed fate of her lover. As she was already persuaded of his death, the information that he had escaped by a voluntary act from the cruelty of his rival, gave her a mournful satisfaction. As a chieftainess of rank they carried her directly to the marly, where all the remaining nobles, who had survived the treacherous attack of Taiofa, were immediately to assemble to regulate the government of the island.

As she approached the spot where several chiefs had already met, she perceived another party advancing to the place in another direction. This was the French captain and his crew, with two other persons, one of whom instantly attracted the eyes of the astonished Mamana. At the same moment he flew to meet her, and in the next was in her arms. She clasped the living Malohi; she could not mistrust her senses—but her excessive joy was too powerful for the weak state to which she was reduced, and she would have fallen senseless to the ground,

but for the support of her lover. He, who thought her dying, uttered frantic cries, which happily reaching the ears of the French seamen, they ran to the spot, when a surgeon among them instantly comprehending the affair, promptly bled the fair Mamana, who soon recovered to life, and love, and happiness.

The assembled chiefs, after lamenting the destruction of most of their order through the treason of Taiofa, found that the rank of Mamana was such as to entitle her to the sovereignty. They therefore declared her queen, and appointed an early day for her marriage with Malohi, which took place accordingly, and conferred on him the royal dignity. The wretched Taiofa was executed by the French, as an example to the contrivers of similar treachery.

THE GLEANER.

So we'll live,
And pray, and sing, and tell old tales, and laugh
At gilded butterflies, and hear poor rogues
Talk of Court News; and we'll talk with them too,
Who loses and who wins; who's in and who's out;
And take upon us the mystery of things,
As if we were God's Spies.

SHAKESPEARE.

La Fontaine.—In some respects La Fontaine was not unlike Oliver Goldsmith: both were forgetful, generous, unaffected. The French poet almost forgot that he had a wife; and when his friends told him that it was a shame to absent himself from so worthy a lady, he set out for her abode. The servant not knowing him, said she was gone to church. Upon which he returned to Paris; and when his friends inquired about his proceeding, he answered, that he had been to see his wife, but was told she was at church!—Being one day at a house, his son came in. Not having seen him for a little time, he did not know the youth again, but remarked to some of the company, that he thought him a boy of parts and spirit. He was told that this promising lad was his own son; to which he answered, "Ha! truly I'm glad on't!" In company he made no figure. He had been invited to the house of "a person of distinction," for the more elegant entertainment of the guests; but though he ate very heartily, not a word could be got from him. And when, rising from table soon after dinner, on pretence of going to the Academy, he was told he would be too soon; "Oh then," said he, "I'll take the longest way."—Being one day at a tedious church service, Racine, seeing he was weary, put a Bible into his hands. Fontaine happening to open it at the prayer of the Jews in Baruch, read it over with much admiration, and observed to Racine, "This Baruch is a fine writer; do you know any thing of him?"—In a company of Ecclesiastics, he one day asked whether they thought St. Austin had more wit than Rabelais? The Reverend Doctor, somewhat amazed at such a question in such a company, observed, "You have put on one of your stockings the wrong side outwards"—which was the fact!—On his death-bed, his old nurse, seeing the priest was much troubled about him, said, "Good Sir, don't disturb him so—God won't have the heart to damn him."

Congreve.—Voltaire says, "Mr. Congreve had one defect, which was, his entertaining too mean an idea of his first profession, that of a writer, though it was to this he owed his fame and fortune. He spoke of his works as of trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me on our first conversation, that I should visit him on no other footing than that of a gentleman. I answered, that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere gentleman, I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a piece of vanity."

Corelli.—This celebrated Italian musician was playing some composition of his own to a select company, in the private

apartment of the Cardinal his patron at Rome, when he observed that his Eminence was engaging in a detached conversation. Upon this he suddenly stopped short, and gently laid down his instrument. The Cardinal, surprised at the unexpected cessation, asked him if a string was broken? To which Corelli, in an honest consciousness of what was due to his art, replied, "No, Sir; I was only afraid I interrupted business." His Eminence, who was one of those who knew that a genius could never show itself to advantage where it had not its proper regards, took this reproof in good part, and broke off his conversation to hear the whole concerto played over again.

Reflections, Physiological, Moral, and Mournful, on the Death of my Cat.—Poor Tom died a few days ago, in the 16th year of his age, which was registered, not in the parish books, but in the sorrowful recollection of his master. He died completely worn out. And here let me inquire of that empty and jangling tribe of doctors and physiologists, what they can detect in the structure of a cat, that should render it aged in so short a period, and why a raven should endure for a hundred years? All the trash about organization, vital principle, or chemico-electrical fluid, will afford no solution of the mystery. On the day of his departure, Poor Tom crawled into the parlour, where I was sitting; and as he was too feeble to get into his usual place without assistance, I gently lifted him on my writing-table: for a moment he purred, while I caressed him,—he then extended himself and breathed his last. Man, when he feels approaching dissolution, shudders with alarm; and during the process of disease that conducts him to the tomb, when hope declines, apprehension supervenes:—indeed, were it not in manifold instances that nature kindly interposes delirium, or shields us by insensibility, the last moments of expiring humanity would be terrific. Animals do not comprehend that the change is about to ensue: the corporeal pang is all that they can suffer:—their bounded retrospect carries no sting, and their limited powers and humble destinies exclude them from the hopes or horrors of a future.

Poor Tom left no progeny to bewail his departure; for chirurgery had, at an early period, given him domestic habits not in unison with the feelings of a parent. Although his organ of destructiveness was developed to such an extent that the craniologists were afraid of him, yet so gentle was his nature, that he became the friend and protector of a linnet:—twice indeed he could not resist; and as he always devoured them, I attributed his relish of this little animal more to philosophical principles of refined taste, than to ferocity of disposition. Attachment to his master was the staple ingredient in his moral composition; and notwithstanding he occasionally ratted, it could not be fairly asserted that he "narrowed his mind" by any adherence to party. His figure was gigantic, he uniformly wore black, and of his coat he was extremely careful:—indeed much of his time was employed in rendering it glossy, and in extirpating the little parasites that took refuge in its nap. This coat, nature providently renovated at the approach of winter, but it was never turned. To the society of his own species he was by no means partial,—he accordingly formed no acquaintance in the different neighbourhoods where he resided:—and as he did not "listen to the voice of love," he never united his vocal powers to that concert that is usually performed in "the glimpses of the moon, making night hideous."

Madame de Stael and Talleyrand.—Madame de Stael's daughter, the Baroness de Broglie, was an extraordinary beauty. Her charms made such an impression on

Prince Talleyrand, that in contemplating them, he was often deficient in his attentions to her highly gifted mother. One day, being on a party of pleasure on the water, she determined to confound him, and put this question: "If our vessel were to be wrecked by a storm, which of us would you strive to save first, me or my daughter?"—"Madame," instantly replied Talleyrand, "with the many talents and acquirements you possess, it would be an affront to you to suppose that you cannot swim; I should therefore deem it my duty to save the Baroness first."

English Dinner Parties.—Napoleon remarked, that the northern people required the bottle to develop their ideas; that the English appeared in general to prefer the bottle to the ladies, as was exemplified by our allowing them to go away from table, and remaining for hours to drink and intoxicate ourselves. I replied, that although we did sit sometimes for hours after the ladies withdrew, it was more for the sake of conversation than for wine, of which last there was not so much drank as formerly; that, moreover, it was optionable to retire immediately after the ladies, or to remain. He appeared to doubt this, and made me repeat it. After which he said, that were he in England, he would always leave with the ladies.—"It appears to me," said he, "that you do not pay regard enough to the ladies. If your object is to converse instead of to drink, why not allow them to be present? Surely conversation is never so lively or so witty as when ladies take a part in it. If I were an Englishwoman, I should feel very discontented at being turned out by the men to wait for two or three hours while they were guzzling their wine.—Now in France society is nothing unless ladies are present. They are the life of conversation." I endeavoured to make it appear that our conversation after dinner frequently turned upon politics and other matters, with which ladies seldom meddled; moreover, that in well regulated societies, the gentlemen soon followed them. This did not, however, satisfy him. He maintained that it was a custom which could not be justified, and that women were necessary to civilize and to soften the other sex.—(A Voice from St. Helena, by Mr. O'Meara.)

Repartee, by Atterbury.—A repartee, or a quick and witty answer to an insolent taunt, or to any ill-natured or ironical joke or question, is always well received (whether in a public assembly or a private company) by the persons who hear it, and gives a reputation to the man who makes it. Cicero, in one of his letters to Atticus, informs him of some reproaches, a kind of coarse raillery, which passed between himself and Clodius in the senate, and seems to exult and value himself much on his own repartees: though I do not think that this was one of Cicero's excellences. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, when a certain bill was brought into the House of Lords, said, among other things, that he "prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present session, and he was sorry to find that he had proved a true prophet." My Lord Coingsby, who spoke after the Bishop, and always spoke in a passion, desired the house to remark, "that one of the Right Reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but for his part he did not know what prophet to liken him to, unless to that furious prophet Balaam, who was reproached by his own ass." The Bishop, in a reply, with great wit and calmness exposed this rude attack, concluding thus: "Since the noble Lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my Lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel: I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his Lordship."

THE TRAVELLER.

"Tis pleasant, through the loop-holes of retreat,
To peep at such a world; to see the stir
Of the great babel, and not feel the crowd."

COOPER.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE MOORS.

(From the Journal of a Traveller.)

The first thing a Moorish squire or gentleman does when he gets up in the morning, is to wash himself all over. He then goes to church; says his prayers, and returns home to breakfast, which his wife or concubine prepares for him in the most comfortable manner. It consists of hot bread and butter, with thick wheat-gruel, well seasoned with powdered herbs and spices; finishing with a grilled capon, and roasted eggs pressed flat, and soaked in wine, brandy, pepper and salt.

After his breakfast, the Moorish squire goes a hunting. His game is the antelope, which is esteemed fine eating. They have also all sorts of fruits in perfection. The antelope is as large as the goat—of a chesnut colour, and white under the belly. His horns are almost straight, tapering gradually, with rings at a distance from each other, till within an inch and a half of the top. Five large black eyes, long and slender neck, and shaped like our deer. Antelopes herd together, and always have a scout or two on the look-out, who give intimation of an approaching foe. When only two or three of them are together, they invariably lie down back to back, so that they can command all points of the compass. They are swifter than a greyhound, and are sometimes taken by the hawk.

The Moors also hunt the fox, and if fat, eat him afterwards. When well stewed, he is considered a tit bit by the "sgavoir vivre." Their religion allows them to eat all animals taken in hunting, provided they get hold of them before they are quite dead, and the blood follows the knife; and also provided the sportsman says a particular word before he fires his gun, lets slip his greyhound, or his hawk takes his flight. Unfortunately for them, they believe that one part of a pig is unlawful, and not knowing what this part is, they are obliged to abstain from him altogether.

The Moors have fish of all sorts; and the best of wild fowl, hares, partridges, and a crow which is good eating. They appear to have a standing dish, called *ucksoo*, which, as far as I can understand, must resemble the goose pie, which our squires have on their side-tables at breakfast and dinner, in the winter season, filled with all sorts of game, besides turkeys, ham, &c. They also eat the hedgehog, and the bustard, making an excellent dish of his giblets. The latter is said to be fit for a king. They have a pleasant diluting liquor, called *limerece*, made very palatable, of which they drink plentifully, and which must be necessary to counteract the heating qualities of the spices which they make use of in their kitchens. They keep their wine under ground, in jars; and when four or five "good fellows" get together, they will retire, each accompanied by his favourite mistress, to a banqueting-house in a garden, from whence they do not depart until they have finished the jar, which sometimes takes them a whole week to do. During this time, they have music, songs, and other incentives to pleasure, and are supplied with all sorts of tit bits to give a relish to the glass. They have also a curious and costly preparation of honey, which is in much esteem amongst them, and is presented to great men. It is strongly impregnated with some very small seeds of a highly narcotic nature (probably something of the poppy), and after eating a small quantity of it, they find themselves in a happy temper of mind and body. They never drink standing up, and some

years ago, the testimony of those who were proved to have done so, was not good in law. They never eat lamb, veal, or kid, on the humane principle of not taking the suckling from its dam. When a party of Moors have dined, or supped, every one washes his hands and face, thanks God, blesses the host, and talks till he falls asleep.

THE HOTTENTOTS.

Of this unfortunate race of human beings, Mr. Barrow, a very intelligent, and apparently a very impartial writer, has given some interesting particulars in his Travels in Southern Africa.

These weak people, (says Mr. B.) the most helpless, and in their present condition perhaps the most wretched, of the human race, duped out of their possessions, their country, and finally out of their liberty, have entailed upon their miserable offspring a state of existence to which that of slavery might bear the comparison of happiness. It is a condition, however, not likely to continue to a very remote posterity. The name of Hottentot will be forgotten, or remembered only as that of a deceased person of little note. Their numbers of late years have rapidly declined. It has generally been observed, that wherever Europeans have colonized, the less civilized natives have always dwindled away, and, at length, totally disappeared. Various causes have contributed to the depopulation of the Hottentots. The impolitic custom of hording together in families, and of not marrying out of their own kraals, has, no doubt, tended to enervate this race of men, and reduced them to their present degenerated condition, which is that of a languid, listless, phlegmatic people, in whom the prolific powers of nature seem to be almost exhausted. To this may be added, their extreme poverty, scantiness of food, and continual dejection of mind, arising from the cruel treatment they receive from an inhuman and unfeeling peasantry, who having discovered themselves to be removed to too great a distance from the seat of their former government to be aided by its authority, have exercised, in the most wanton and barbarous manner, an absolute power over these poor wretches, reduced to the necessity of depending upon them for a morsel of bread. There is scarcely an instance of cruelty said to have been committed against the slaves in the West India islands, that could not find a parallel from the Dutch farmers of the remote parts of the colony, towards the Hottentots in their service. Beating and cutting them with thongs of the hide of the sea-cow or rhinoceros, is a gentle punishment, though these sort of whips, which they call *shambos*, are most horrid instruments, tough, pliant, and heavy almost as lead. Firing small shot into the legs and thighs of a Hottentot is a punishment not unknown to some of the monsters who inhabit the neighbourhood of Camtoos river. Instant death is not unfrequently the consequence of punishing these poor wretches in a moment of rage. This is of little consequence to the farmer; for though they are to all intents and purposes his slaves, yet they are not transferable property. It is this circumstance which, in his mind, makes their lives less valuable and their treatment more inhuman.

In offences of too small moment to stir up the phlegm of a Dutch peasant, the coolness and tranquillity displayed at the punishment of his slave or Hottentot is highly ridiculous, and at the same time indicative of a savage disposition to unfeeling cruelty lurking in his heart. He flogs them, not by any given number of lashes, but by time; and as they have no clocks, nor substitutes for them capable of marking the smaller divisions of time, he has invented an excuse for the indulgence of one of his most favorite sensualities, by flogging them till he, has smoked as

many pipes of tobacco as he may judge the magnitude of the crime to deserve. The government of Malacca, according to the manuscript journal of an intelligent officer in the expedition against that settlement, has adopted the same custom of flogging by pipes; and the fiscal or chief magistrate, or some of his deputies, are the smokers on such occasions.

LITERATURE.

THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH DRAMATIC POETS.

(By the Marquis d'Argens.)

It seems to me, that the tragic poets among the French are as much superior to the English, as the philosophers of the former nation are inferior to those of the latter. I find as great a difference between Shakspeare and Corneille, Addison and Racine, as between Descartes and Newton, Locke and Malebranche. It is not that the poets of this country want fire, or a lively imagination; on the contrary, they have a great deal of spirit and force. But the mischief of it is, that when they have raised themselves up to heaven, they are immediately dazzled with their own height, sink all on a sudden as swiftly as they rose, and sully by their fall the honours they have acquired. As they have not the least knowledge of the rules, or if they affect to despise them, we need not be surprised that they are unable to conduct in a proper manner that strength of fancy which they derive from nature.

Such is the state of the English theatre, that I have seen a great deal of genius, and yet very few good pieces: they play every day at London a kind of horrible farces, to which without hesitation they give the pompous names of tragedies. I have seen in a very fine English play, three witches introduced in the oddest manner imaginable, and pretending to boil herbs together in a caldron. I have sometimes seen the stage in the light of a church-yard, and grave-diggers diverting themselves with tossing skulls of dead persons about; nay, and which is ten times worse, I have seen this applauded.

Dryden, and above all, Addison, hath taken pains to teach this barbarous Melpomene a little manners. But in spite of all their care, their tragedy has still too much of a savage appearance. It seems they are not able to attain that modest and majestic air which heretofore distinguished the Greeks, as it now does the French poets. Figure to yourself, the strange alteration made when Voltaire's tragedy of Zara came to be played on the English stage; they were forced to make that young princess tear off her hair by handfuls, and roll herself on the stage as if she had been in fits. One would think, that an author had little obligation to a translator for such extravagant additions. The English poet, however, was forced to accommodate the piece to the genius of his nation; that is, to make it succeed he made it ridiculous. In short, to obtain applause at London, it is absolutely necessary to exhibit beautiful monsters. If you keep too near truth, it will never do. Yet this does not arise from a want of liking to natural descriptions; there are in Shakspeare numberless passages extremely just, and every way perfect. But what then? if these continue any time, the audience grow sick of them, and their attention must be awakened by something wonderful and out of the common road.

Within these few years, the English have had poets who have written very regular pieces; but they have not succeeded, because the audience thought them languishing and cold: in truth, I do not think they did them wrong; they were so in fact; and one would be apt to think, on seeing these modern tragedies, that the English poets had a faculty of straining their subjects, sallying beyond

truth and nature to show the force of their genius, and to be under a necessity of mingling in their best pieces the greatest beauties and the greatest faults. It seems, says a modern author, that the English genius hitherto hath produced only irregular beauties. Shakspeare's shining monsters are a thousand times more pleasing than the wisdom of modern poets. In short, the English poetry resembles a luxuriant tree, which in its natural state throws out a multitude of branches, and gives unequal marks of a prodigious force, and yet dies if you attempt to put a force upon nature, and to bring it into the mode of the garden at Marli.—Voltaire, *Lettres Philosophiques*, Let. xviii. p. 162.

How far off soever the English poets may be from the perfection and merit which must be allowed to those who have cultivated the French tragedy, it is not, however, impossible, that sometime or other they should reach, nay, go beyond them. That time will come, nay, I am persuaded it is near at hand, when the English shall correct all their errors. Their genius still remains; they begin by degrees to accustom themselves to the rules, and they will in time arrive at perfection in an art which hitherto they have not understood. In process of time they will join the wisdom, majesty, purity, and decency of the French theatre, to the strength, the sublimity, and the pathetic energy of the English tragedy, with an exclusion of whatsoever is monstrous, mean, or ridiculous. The poets of this country have a great advantage over others, by their introducing so much action in their plays; many even of the best French pieces are in truth but conversations in five acts, which we read with greater pleasure than we see, because the action languishes for want of a proper variety of incidents.

The theatres of Paris and London seem to me perfect representations of the characters of the two nations: at Paris they speak, at London they act. It is not therefore at all wonderful, that the French should speak better than the English, because every man is master of his own trade. For this very reason, the amorous intrigues in the French pieces are better wrought and conducted than in the English. We may venture after the same manner to determine on the merit of the two theatres: the character of the French is tenderness; love is their prevailing passion, it is their principal occupation, and gallantry is the soul of the court. The language of the heart is naturally that of the ladies, and though they will now and then contradict it a little in their behaviour, yet there is not one of them who will yield in the dignity of her expression to the heroine of a romance.

The same reason which incline people at Paris to pass by the faults of the great Corneille, serve at London to excuse those of Shakspeare, and other tragic poets; their ravishing and sublime beauties strike us so much, that for the sake of them we pass by their faults. It is true, the English authors seem to stand in need of more indulgence than the French; but as the taste of that nation is not entirely formed, many things are as yet allowed, which will not pass in times to come.

Love is in possession of the theatre at London, as well as Paris, and there are few modern pieces in which it has not a large share. But the English poets have not so well succeeded in describing the motions of that passion, as in painting those of greatness of soul, valour, and of public spirit. The character of Cato, in Addison's tragedy, is perhaps the most beautiful that ever appeared on the theatre. That of Pompey, in Cinna; that of Burrhus, in Britannicus; nay, even that of Joash, in Athaliah, is not so shining. Yet each of these tragedies is more perfect than that of the English author; because he had the weakness to please the women, who decide all things as well as

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London as at Paris, to introduce tender speeches, though he was unacquainted with the language of love. This has occasioned his enervating the fiercest tragedy that perhaps ever appeared on any stage.

THE DRAMA.

—Whilst the Drama bows to Virtue's cause,
To aid her precepts and enforce her laws,
So long the just and generous will befriend,
And triumph on her efforts will attend.

BOOKS.

For the Minerva.

PEREGRINATIONS OF A THESPIAN. No. I.

Every man who writes an account of himself, has some object in view, either real or ideal:—one wishes "to give a lesson to the world from his experience;" another, "to amuse his friends by narrating great incidents, in which he has been a principal actor." The greater part, however, calculate on the profits that may arise from the sale of their writings. I think I cannot with propriety be classed with any of these. My sole intention is to transmit a manuscript to my sister and brothers, who have long thought me dead, containing a brief relation of several vicissitudes I have experienced, which, in some instances, are interesting, and in others ludicrous. Like Don Quixotte, I shall commence my narrative at the period when I set out from my relatives in search of adventures.

On Sunday, the 8th of January, 1815, I left Dunse in Scotland, the place of my nativity, without signifying my intention to any of the family, except my brother William:—I went out as if going to church. One shirt over the other, a pair of stockings in one of my coat pockets, and a pair of shoes in the other; a good silver watch; a violin, and twenty shillings and sixpence sterling, was the whole of my property and possessions. "The ten-toed machine, which the haymakers use in Ireland," was my vehicle of conveyance. My brother William accompanied me about ten miles, and we parted at a village called Orange-lane. I arrived at Kelso (about 5 miles more), and took up my lodgings for the evening in a small public-house.

I was as yet entirely undetermined what course to follow, or what object to pursue; but having been bred a cabinet-maker, and having a tolerable proficiency in music, I thought there was little danger of procuring means of subsistence as soon as I might feel disposed to apply for employment. This, however, I had no intention of doing as long as health, and twenty shillings and sixpence, well-managed, would enable me to prosecute my journey.

I set out on the following morning with the intention of going to Jedburgh; but, mistaking the road, got into that which leads to Wooler. I had travelled five or six miles when I overtook another pedestrian, who was going to Jedburgh, and offered to direct me. Thus provided with a companion and a guide, the journey became pleasanter. Our conversation was various, till, with some hesitation, he inquired if I did not belong to the show folks that were in Jedburgh? I answered in the negative. He said, that as I had a fiddle, he thought I might be of that party, and added that I didn't look like a dancing-master. I found that the show folks were a small company of itinerant players; and it immediately occurred to me, that I might, for a short time at least, gratify my wish to see the world, in the profession of a strolling player. I had already performed once or twice for amusement, with considerable approbation. I was now twenty-five years old; the very age at which Garrick commenced his regular career in the *Corps Dramatique*. 'Tis strange to what ridiculous-

ness fancy will lead us, if unrestrained by judgment.

The master among these sons of thoughtlessness was named Mackerel, and I understood that he made shift to live. On my arrival in Jedburgh, I found out the house where the manager lived; and though I had no idea of attempting to make an engagement, I thought I should call on him, and spend the evening in the town, the more particularly as the weather was rather unfit for travelling.

I went to the tavern nearest his lodging, where I had my "best face put on." As I had never been acquainted with any of his standing among the sons of Thespis, who had not a good deal of self-opinioned dignity and imaginary importance about them, I resolved to bear my head five feet nine inches high, at any rate. I was shown up stairs to the door of his room, and, after tapping twice without being answered, a third application, in a manner rather more decisive, brought a female to the door, who I afterwards found to be Mrs. Mackerel, the manageress. She appeared to have just awakened, and was in a state which in a man is inexcusable, but in a woman abominable. Her head was uncovered, except with a quantity of hair which plainly showed a scarcity of combs. A pair of silk stockings, which once had been white, covered the greater part of her feet. A striped calico gown hung independently about her, through which time and service had made many a woful laceration, and without which she would evidently have been sans culottes. I asked if Mr. Mackerel lodged there? She replied that he did; but he was "so much in dishabille that he is a shame to be seen." "It is of little consequence, ma'am; I am a person of no ceremony. If Mr. Mackerel will excuse my intrusion, I shall forgive his dishabille." "Mr. Mackerel, (bawled she,) here is a gentleman wishes to see you." "Who is he?" "What do I know?—go along, you puppy!" In about two minutes, Mr. Mackerel made me a stage bow. I will now attempt to describe his figure, dress, and *tout ensemble*.

His "knotted and combined locks" seemed as if they had never been parted. To use a homely phrase, his head, which was only about five feet from his heels, "seemed in an uproar." His coat of "hadden gray," had once belonged to some "raw-boned Scot," of twice his size; and the scissors had curtailed it to a length to accommodate its new possessor. It was cut through about three inches below the pockets; and the buttons, which had been at the small of the back on its original possessor, reached nigh to the calf of his leg. Buttons in front it had none; and its lapelles hung like the main-sheet of a sloop when the peak is lowered. His waistcoat, too, had seen better days. I could trace from the almost obliterated lines, that some Lord Ogilvy, or Captain Bobadil had "strutted his hour in it," fifty years ago. It had been slit up in the back, and strings attached to it, as is generally the case, in order that it might be made to fit the bulk of its different wearers. But strings wear out; and it hung down half way to the knees of Mr. Mackerel, suspended from his shoulders, and attached in front with one button and two pins. Its original stiffness in a great measure remained; and when its wearer made his stage-bow, it continued to hang perpendicular, and made an angle of about thirty degrees with his body, till he regained his vertical posture. His breeches had originally been of buckskin; they fitted him tolerably well, likely from being often wet and dried, for they were as dark and smooth as a mirror. His stockings were black, and gartered with red worsted tape below the breeches. They were carefully mended in the feet, by pieces of gray cloth, probably a part of the skirts of his coat, which showed much above his shoes. The shoes had

not been cleaned, as I thought, from the time the cobbler last mended them. The points had been worn out, and replaced by what in Scotland is called "neb-caps." I could see nothing of his linen but the ruffles, which obstructed the action of his hands. His cravat was red silk, spotted white, and twisted round his neck like a hay-band. An old stocking served the purpose of a stiffener; it very unceremoniously had found its way through a rent in the cravat, and hung over the manager's right shoulder like an officer's epaulette. He was a thing of "shreds and patches;" and I have seen more respectable objects, the efforts of some Johnny Lump's fancy, stuck in the fields to fright away the birds of prey.

I have seldom had reason to complain of the want of recollection in cases of difficulty; but in this instance I was perfectly confounded. One moment's reflection, however, determined me (as I was an entire stranger in the place,) to pass some time in the company of this piece of oddness. Having formed this resolution, I addressed the "prince of the truncheon" as follows: "Are you Mr. Mackerel, Sir?" "Sir, my name is Mackerel." "I beg your pardon for thus intruding myself without a previous introduction. I am a stranger, passing through the town, and from the acquaintance which I have had with gentlemen of your profession, I have taken the liberty of calling on you, to solicit the favour of your company to share a bottle of wine, and spend an hour with me." "With the greatest pleasure, Sir,—where are you?" "At the tavern a few doors above this." "I do not know exactly which you mean, Sir; there are several in this street; the surest way to prevent mistake will be to accompany you; allow me, Sir, to take my hat." This was too much; I did not know how to reply, and was framing a pretence in order to get the start of him, when in a twinkling he took the lead down stairs, requesting me to be careful of the steps, and I accompanied him to the tavern, without the trouble of showing him the way.

DRAMATIC ANECDOTES.

Anecdote of Voltaire.—When Voltaire's tragedy of Mahomet was first brought on the Paris stage, one of the king's physicians meeting the poet in a private company, remarked, that the existence of Alcano, after his death wound, was rather protracted; he contended, in a long argument, that it was physically impossible for him so long to survive a wound, such as it was there described. "True," replied Voltaire, rather drily, "but you must recollect, my dear Sir, that he is not attended by a physician."

Hamlet quoted.—A musician, celebrated for his devotion to the rosy god, having sacrificed too freely, found himself at a loss in the orchestra of one of the theatres, on tuning his instrument, to produce harmony. The leader of the band, rather displeased, demanded what was the matter with his violin. The votary of Bacchus, after a short pause, answered, "Why my fiddle is acting Hamlet; it says, 'Though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.'"

The Tartreffe.—Eight days after Moliere's comedy of Tartreffe was forbidden to be acted, the Court of France was entertained with a very irreverent play called Scaramouch. After it was over, the king told a certain prince, that he wondered why those zealous people who were so scandalized at Moliere's comedy, did not say a word about this. "O Sir," answered the prince, "the reason is plain: the play of Scaramouch only makes a jest of God and religion, in which these gentlemen are no wise concerned; but Moliere has dared to bring the priests upon the stage; which is not to be suffered."

BIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE HARVEST,
Parson and Comedian.

Mr. George Harvest, minister of Thames Ditton, was one of the most absent men of his time; he was a lover of good eating, almost to gluttony; very negligent in his dress, and a believer in ghosts, hobgoblins, and fairies, although he had received a very classical education in the University of Oxford. His fondness for dramatic compositions led him early to try his abilities upon the boards of different provincial theatres, but his vivacity always getting the better of his judgment, and some *mal-entendre* *im-promptu* inadvertently popping out, he was constantly upon the minus side of his engagement.

Being possessed of a considerable paternal estate, and having a firm friend in Dr. Compton, bishop of London, for whose daughter Mr. Harvest had a partiality and regard, he, at the age of twenty-four years, bid adieu to the Thespian mania. He had, at this time, an estate of 300*l.* per annum; and had got so far into the good graces of the bishop's daughter, that the wedding day was fixed, but unluckily on that day he forgot himself, for being gudgeon-fishing, he overstaid the canonical hour, and the lady, justly offended at this neglect, broke off the match. His ideas were so confused sometimes, that he has been known to write a letter to one person, direct it to another, and address it to a third, who could not devise who it came from, because he had forgot to subscribe his name to the bottom of it. If a beggar happened to take off his hat to him in the street, in hopes of receiving alms, Mr. Harvest made him a bow, told him he was his most obedient humble servant, and walked on.

His reveries and abstractions were so frequent, that not a day passed but he committed some egregious mistake. A friend and he walking together in the temple gardens one evening, Mr. Harvest picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to Lord Bute, who was an eminent virtuoso. After they had walked some time, his friend asked him what it was by the clock in the evening, to which, pulling out his watch, he answered that they had seven minutes good. They took a turn or two more, when, to his friend's astonishment, he canted his watch away into the Thames, and, with great sedateness in his looks, put up the pebble he had before found in his fob.

His notorious heedlessness was so apparent, that no one would lend him a horse, as he frequently lost his beast from under him, or, at least, from out of his hands, it being his frequent practice to dismount and lead the horse, putting the bridle under his arm, which the horse sometimes shook off, or the intervention of a post occasioned to fall; sometimes it was taken off by the boys, when the parson was seen drawing his bridle after him; and if any one asked him after the animal, he could not give the least account of it, or how he had lost it.

Being desired to officiate one Sunday morning at St. Mary's in Oxford, an acquaintance, a wag, wrote the following burlesque upon the banns of matrimony, which, being duly put forward, was read by him as follows:

I publish the marriage bands between
Jack Cheshire and the Widow Glossy,
Both of a parish, but I seen
Twixt Oxford here and Paternoster;
Who, to keep out the wind and weather,
Hereafter mean to pig together;
So if you wish to put in caveat,
Now's the time to let us have it.

Once at a gentleman's house in the city, where, taking his leave with an intention to go away, in one of his absent fits he mounted up three pair of stairs into the garret. The maids that by chance were

ironing there, wondered what the plague kept such a stamping about the rooms; when one of them taking a light to see what it was, found the Rev. Mr. Harvest, who, in the utmost confusion, told her he fancied he had made some mistake, and begged to know if that was not the way to the street door!

Such was his absence and distraction, that he frequently used to forget the prayer days, and walk into his church with his gun upon his arm, to see what could have assembled the people there. Whenever he slept, he used commonly to pervert the use of every utensil; he would wash his mouth and hands in the chamber pot, make water in the basin or bottle, wipe himself with the sheets, and not unfrequently go into bed between the sheets with his boots on.

In company he never put the bottle round, but always filled it when it stood opposite to him, so that he often took half a dozen glasses running; that he was alone drunk, and the rest of the company sober, is not therefore to be wondered at. Once, when he was playing at backgammon, he poured out a full glass of wine, and it being his turn to throw, having the box in one hand and the glass in the other, and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallowed down both the dice, and at the same time threw his wine into the backgammon box.

After his first affair with the bishop's daughter, one would think he would have taken better care the second time, and have been in the way when the parson was waiting and the bride was willing: but no! Mr. Harvest was the same absent man still, and he made himself as ridiculous this time as the first, and lost an amiable girl with a good fortune. In short, when the destined happy day arrived on which he was to become a husband, and the coach called at his door to bring him to breakfast with his intended and her father,—presto! pass! and begone! the gentleman was not to be found.—He had taken himself off the same morning about seven o'clock, and nobody could tell what was become of him; it was nearly dusk when he recollected any thing of the affair, and then he took to his heels, from the company he was in, ran, like a madman, all the way back, and such a dirty figure he was when he arrived, that he was scarcely to be known. The truth was, that, being invited by the fineness of the weather, he had strayed as far as Richmond, where he had been hooked into company to dine, and upon the return of the coach to Thames Ditton, he accidentally thought of this momentous business, so stopping the coach, he made all the haste possible through thick and thin to the place of assignation, to apologize, if possible, for this egregious piece of neglect; but the lady, like the first, thought herself so ill used, that she would never see him afterwards; yet Mr. Harvest used often to mention that day as the pleasantest of his whole life.

His figure was one of the most uncomely imaginable; he seldom had a clean shirt on, and when he happened to have one, he either wanted shaving, or had dirty boots on, or perhaps two odd stockings instead of a pair; and if any one remarked to him the great impropriety of his slovenliness, he would reply, that "indeed he was not very exact."

An equestrian expedition of his, to see the above-mentioned lady, during the period of their courtship, must not be omitted here. Thinking it necessary to go on horseback, as it was winter, and the roads very dirty, he thought he might save the time of shifting himself, by doing it upon the road, upon his Rosinante; so providing himself with a clean cravat and shirt in his pocket, he proceeded on until he came to the lane at the bottom of which the lady lived, when stripping himself, and laying his things before him upon the saddle, just as he was attempting to put his shirt on, his horse took fright, and ran

with him quite to the door of the lady's house, where was to be found the Reverend Mr. Harvest, without a shirt or hat, for all his things were, like Johnny Gilpin's wig and hat, on the road.

Mr. Harvest, making one in company with Mr. Onslow, in a punt on the Thames, began to read a favourite passage in a Greek author with such strange theatric gestures, that his wig soon fell into the water, when such was his impatience after it, that he jumped in to fetch it out, and from whence he was with difficulty fished out himself. Upon his returning into the boat, he only observed, his Greek had never had such a wetting.

The doctor was a great lover of pudding, as well as argument. Once at a visitation, the Archdeacon was talking very pathetically on the transitory things of this life, among which he enumerated many particulars, such as health, beauty, riches, and power; the doctor, who listened with great attention, turning about to help himself with a slice of pudding, found it was all gone; on which, turning to the reverend moralist, he begged that Mr. Archdeacon, in his future catalogue of transitory things, would not forget to insert a PUDDING.

His fondness for theatric performances very much abated in his latter years. Lady Onslow one day took him to accompany her to see Garrick play some favourite character. They took their seats in the front row of the front boxes; and Harvest knowing he was to sleep in town, literally brought his nightcap in his pocket. It was of striped woollen, and had not been washed full half a year.

In pulling out his handkerchief, his cap came out with it, and fell into the pit; the person on whom it fell tossed it from him; the next did the same; and the cap was for some minutes handed to and fro, all over the pit. Harvest, who was afraid of losing his convenience, got up, and after hemming three times to clear his pipes, began to make an oration, signifying to those who were thus amusing themselves with his cap, to restore it when they had had enough fun with it, for he observed it was a very serious thing to die without a night cap.—"And please to restore it to me, who am the owner of it;" at the same time placing his left hand on his breast, declared, "I shall be restless to-night 'till I have not my cap." The mob, struck with his manner, handed up the cap on the end of one of their sticks, thus putting the doctor out of fear of a restless night.

His ideas were so confused sometimes, that he performed actions equal to those done by the effect of somnambulism. Once perceiving a friend and his wife in an upper room at the house at Ember Court, he, in the way of a joke only, locked them in, and put the key in his pocket; when soon after being called down about some business, he forgot what he had done by the time he came to the foot of the stairs, went out with the key in his pocket, and it was nearly dark before the two prisoners could be set at liberty.—Another time, in one of his absent fits, he mistook his friend's house, and went into another, the door of which happened to stand open, and no servant being in the way, he rambled all over the house, till coming into a middle room where there was an old lady ill in bed of a quinsy, he stumbled over the night stool, threw a clothes horse down, and might not have ended there, had not the affrighted patient made a noise at his intrusion, which brought up the servants, who, finding Dr. Harvest in the room instead of the apothecary that was momentarily expected, quieted the old lady's fears, who by this was taken with such an immoderate fit of laughter at his confusion, that it broke the quinsy in her throat, and she lived many years afterwards to thank Doctor Harvest for his lucky mistake.

Having to preach before the clergy at a visitation, he had provided himself with three sermons for the purpose, which he had in his pocket: some wags got possession of them, mixed the leaves, and sewed them all up as one. The doctor began his sermon, and soon lost the thread of his discourse; he grew confused, but still he persisted and went on, and actually preached out, first the clergy who had met on the occasion, next the churchwardens, and lastly the congregation; nor would he have ended, had not the sexton and beadle admonished him that all the pews were empty, for they declared to his reverence, "they were all gone out."

Mr. Harvest's forgetfulness continued with him through life, yet he was an amusing companion; and if we may judge of him from the sermons which he printed, he was no inelegant scholar, but in his person he was the most beastly sloven alive. He died at Ember Court, in August, 1789, aged 61.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

Science has sought, on weary wing,
By sea and shore, each mute and living thing.
CAMPBELL.

WATER SPOUTS.

In the 22d number of the MINERVA, we noticed the phenomena of four water spouts having been seen on the 21st ult. by the inhabitants of Cleveland village, Ohio. On this curious and interesting subject, Dr. Gregory remarks, in his *Economy of Nature*, that a water spout is a most formidable phenomenon, and is indeed capable of causing great ravages. It commonly begins by a cloud which appears very small, and which mariners call the squall, which augments in a little time into an enormous cloud, of a cylindrical form, or that of a reversed cone, and produces a noise like an agitated sea, sometimes emitting thunder and lightning, and also large quantities of rain or hail, sufficient to inundate large vessels, overthrow trees and houses, and every thing which opposes its violent impetuosity.

These water spouts are more frequent at sea than by land, and sailors are so convinced of their dangerous consequences, that when they perceive their approach, they frequently endeavour to break them, by firing a cannon before they advance too near the ship. They have also been known to have committed great devastations by land: though, where there is no water near, they generally assume the harmless form of a whirlwind.

These phenomena are accounted for by some on electrical principles. Others have accounted for them on the principles of hydrostatics; and by some it has been imagined that there are two kinds of water spouts, the one the effect of electrical attraction, and the other caused by a vacuum, or extreme and sudden rarefaction of the air. It is well known, that even a common fire produces a kind of circulation of the air in a room, but in a different form. It is therefore not difficult to conceive, that when any part of the column of air upon the surface of the earth or water is rarefied, either by electricity or any other cause, a vacuum, at least comparatively to the rest of the air, will immediately take place, and the circumambient air rushing in at once from every quarter, to fill the void, a conflict of winds ensues, and consequently a circular motion, by which light bodies will be taken up and turned round with considerable velocity; this violent rushing of the air on all sides into the vacuum then forms what is commonly called a land whirlwind.

When this vacuum takes place at sea, from the nature of fluids, the water will rise to a certain height by the pressure of the atmosphere, as in a common pump; but as the vacuum is not quite perfect, the water will be divided into drops; and as these vacuums are generally caused by

heat, it will be rarefied when it reaches the upper regions of the atmosphere, and assume the appearance of a cloud.

Water spouts appear at a distance like an inverted cone, or the point of a sword, which is owing to the water rising in large drops at the first, and being expanded as it ascends; and a cloud is generally suspended over the body of the phenomenon. The water which is taken up is undoubtedly salt at the first, but, by the rarefaction in the superior regions, it undergoes a kind of natural distillation, and loses all the heavy saline particles with which it was charged. Water spouts have been observed at land, and accounts have been given of red and yellow rain, of frogs and tadpoles, and even small fishes, having been rained upon the tops of houses. The red and yellow rain was composed of the blossoms of vegetables, or of insects, taken up by one of these aerial tubes; and the frogs and fishes were probably part of the contents of some pond, in which the water spout originated, or over which it might have passed in its perambulation.

ORIGIN OF THE EGYPTIAN PYRAMIDS.

Dr. Waddington, whose travels in Ethiopia have recently been published, is of opinion that the ancient Egyptians derived most of their opinions and customs from Ethiopia, which, as far back as can be traced, appears to have been a nation more likely to impose laws than to receive them. The following are Dr. W.'s remarks on the origin of the pyramids, and the sculptured caverns of antiquity. They are both curious and interesting:—

A people little removed from the deluge, and living in dread of its return, sought the sides of the mountains, and built their habitations in the solid rock: such were the oldest dwelling-places of men, the places of their labours, their studies, and their worship; and when they began in aftertimes to build temples for their gods, would they not naturally make for them some larger excavation in the rock, that had so long afforded shelter to themselves? If so, and I think it indisputable, the sculptured caverns of Gyrshé, of Derr, and Ebsambal, are of higher antiquity than the columns of Thebes, and have received the gods of Ethiopia in their progress towards the north. I believed at the time, and do still believe, as far as can be judged from the rudeness of masonry and sculpture, and from the mere effect of time on colours, figures, and even the surface of the hard and solid rock, that the smaller of the two excavated temples at Djebel el Berkel is much the oldest that I ever saw; older by centuries than those of Nubia, or than the temple of Bacchus by its side: now the few figures and hieroglyphics yet visible there are exactly such as are found in greater perfection in Egypt.

By the same reasons I am led to suppose that the pyramid, as a sepulchral building, had also its origin in Ethiopia. The first pyramid is naturally of a later date than the first temple. Not that tombs or cairns were not numerous before temples were ever thought of, but because the construction of a pyramid requires more skill and labour than a mere excavation in a rock. The one, however, would probably follow the other at no great interval; it is the most natural kind of monument, and, in a land of astronomers, such an elevation might be of use to them in taking their observations. Now, the destruction and shapelessness of many of those at Berkel and El Bellal attests their antiquity; while those of Egypt do not appear to have been erected above eleven or twelve hundred years before Christ, when that country had been frequently overrun by the Ethiopians. The pyramids of Memphis are of a later date than the ruins of Thebes.

Jupiter Ammon was the great divinity of Ethiopia, and the horned god of the

shepherds is probably older than Osiris, whether he be the Dog-star or the Nile. Thebes, which is known to have been founded by a colony of Ethiopians, was called Ammon No, Diospolis, or the City of Ammon. It follows, then, I think, very clearly, from the concurrence of these observations on the antiquities of Ethiopia, with the conclusions derived from historical evidence, that the origin of the Egyptian divinities, as well as that of their temples and their tombs, and of the sculptures, figures, and symbols that cover them, may be traced to Ethiopia. In the magnitude of their edifices, the imitators have indeed surpassed their masters, but as far as we could judge from the granite and other sculptures remaining at Argo and Djebel el Berkel, that art seems to have been as well understood, and carried to as high perfection, by the sculptors of Meroe, as it was afterwards by their scholars at Thebes and at Memphis.

NATURAL HISTORY.

Spiders.—It is generally known, that the state of the atmosphere has a visible effect upon certain animals, and that, for instance, cats, dogs, frogs, hogs, &c. have a very strong presentiment of every change which is preparing in it. It has been discovered, that the spider possesses this quality in a more eminent degree than all other animals, and is peculiarly fit to serve as an unerring barometer. These insects have two different ways of weaving their webs, by which we can know what weather we are to have. When the weather inclines to turn rainy or windy, they make the principal threads which are the foundation, as it were, of their whole web, very short, and rather thick; whereas they spin them much longer, when fine and warm weather is to be expected. Thence it appears clearly, that the spiders have not only a near, but also a distant presentiment of the changes which are preparing in the air. The barometer foretells the state of the weather with certainty only for about twenty-four hours, whereas we may be sure that the weather will be fine twelve or fourteen days, when the spider makes the principal threads of its web long. It is obvious how important the consequences of this infallible indication of the state of the weather must be in many instances, particularly with regard to the operations of agriculture; for which reason it has been frequently lamented, that the best barometers, hydrometers, thermometers, and eudiometers, are principally in the hands of the consumers, and very rarely in those of the planters of the harvest. How fortunate is it, therefore, that provident nature, amongst other gifts, also has bestowed upon the cultivator of the country such a cheap instrument, upon the sensibility and infallibility of which, with regard to the impending changes in the atmosphere, he can rely! The barometers are frequently very fallible guides, particularly when they point to settled fair; whereas the work of the spider never fails to give the most certain information. This insect, which is one of the most economical animals, does not go to work, nor expends such a great length of threads, which it draws out of its body, before the most perfect equilibrium of all the constituent parts of the air indicates with certainty that this great expenditure will not be made in vain.

SCIENTIFIC NOTICES FROM FOREIGN JOURNALS.

The Night-Blowing Torch.—Many lovers of plants were lately gratified with the inspection of a fine specimen of the Night-blowing Torch Thistle, or, *Cactus hexagonus*, 10 feet high, in the Green-house at Chapel-house, near Bury, England. The plant, last summer, produced a soli-

tary flower; and it is remarkable, that, in the present instance, six blossoms have appeared in succession, although the plant is a native of Surinam, and during the winter, the thermometer was frequently below the freezing point; entire exposure to the open air, during hot weather, accelerates the blossom, which is seldom seen, except in the tropical countries of which it is a native. At midnight, the flower is in its greatest beauty, and gradually closes on the approach of day, lasting one night only.

To the admirers of antiquity.—A vessel, whose length is now ascertained to be about sixty feet, has been discovered near the wharf at Matham, near Rolverden, in Kent, partly in the bank, and the keel under the bed of the river Rother, supposed to have been buried there nearly 500 years. A number of hands have been employed in digging about the same, with the intention of getting it out; some parts of human bones have been found; also a number of wooden balls, and a gold-mounted lance. A number of visitors are daily arriving to view this ancient wreck, and it is expected some valuables may be found to remunerate the labourers.

Diversity of Colours.—In a very amusing work of the celebrated Goethe, entitled, "Winkemann und sein Jahrhundert," it is stated, that about fifteen thousand varieties of colour are employed by the workers of Mosaic in Rome, and that there are fifty shades of each of these varieties, from the deepest to the palest, thus affording seven hundred and fifty thousand tints, which the artist can distinguish with the greatest facility. It may be imagined, that, with the command of seven hundred and fifty thousand tints of colour, the most varied and beautiful painting might be perfectly imitated; yet this is not the case, for the Mosaic workers find a want of tints, even amid this astonishing variety.

Preservation from Lightning.—Sir H. Davy, in his fourth lecture at the Royal Institution, recommends the following means of escaping the electric fluid during a thunder-storm. He observes that in countries where thunder-storms are frequent and violent, a walking cane might be fitted with a steel or iron rod to draw out at each end, one of which might be struck into the ground, and the other end elevated eight or nine inches above the surface. The person who apprehends danger should fix the cane and lie down a few yards from it. By this simple apparatus, the lightning descends down the wire into the earth, and secures him from injury.

Fresh Water.—Dig a pit upon the seashore somewhat above the high-water mark, and as the tide cometh in, it will fill with water, fresh and potable. This is commonly practised on the coast of Barbary, when other fresh water is wanting. —Bacon's *Sylva Sylvarum*.

MINERVA MEDICA.

The use of Flannel.—When flannel is worn next to the skin, it is almost invariably the practice to keep it on by night as well as by day. This is not only unnecessary, but highly injurious. The chief advantage of using a flannel dress next to the skin, results, not from the actual warmth imparted, (an effect which might be obtained by an increase of outward clothing) but from the uniformity of temperature thus insured to the surface of the body, and the tendency which this has to keep the functions of the skin in an active and healthy condition. During the day, the frequent, and oftentimes sudden, vicissitudes of our climate render the effects of flannel most valuable. But during sleep, we are subject to no such vicissitudes; consequently, the same necessity

for the use of flannel does not then exist, and there are several considerations which show it to be injurious. The body requires no extraordinary warmth during sleep; on the contrary, there is at such times even a tendency to an increase of the natural warmth. When to this natural tendency the heat caused by flannel worn next the skin is superadded, the effect is to keep the skin in a state of excitement, and to induce perspiration more or less profuse. These effects are not calculated to prepare the body for enduring the vicissitudes of the ensuing day, but rather to render it more susceptible of injury. Again, the property which renders woollen cloth so eminently suited to the purposes in view, is that of its being a slow conductor of heat, and this property is greatly impaired by its imbibing humidity of any kind. A flannel dress, however, that is worn next the skin throughout the night, becomes so charged with perspiration, that its power of conducting heat is thereby greatly increased, and its preservative effects proportionably diminished. By laying aside the flannel dress on going to bed, and substituting one of coarse calico, the body is kept in that temperature during the night which fits it for encountering the vicissitudes of the following day; while the flannel is preserved from the deteriorating effects of the nightly perspiration, and is resumed in the morning in a state which contributes both to comfort and protection. A difficulty is experienced with most people who have accustomed themselves to the nightly use of flannel, to alter the habit. Fear of taking cold is one great obstacle, and disinclination to the feeling of cold experienced at the moment of changing the flannel for the calico night dress, especially in the winter season, is another. Confidence in the medical adviser, however, is sufficient to overcome the first, and a very little experience to remove the latter; for after a very few trials the change is found to prove a decided gain, even on the score of sensation; for the gratification derived from resuming a dry and comfortable flannel in the morning, together with a sensible increase of its utility during the day, are found to compensate amply the slight unpleasantness attending the momentary exposure of the preceding night.

For the Hooping Cough.—Take of amber, laudanum, and spirit of harts-horn, of each equal quantities, and rub the soles of the feet with a teaspoon full of it, before the fire, every night; great care must be taken to keep the feet warm, and the patient put immediately to bed. In the space of a week great benefit may be expected; and in a short space of time afterwards the disease will be entirely eradicated. This medicine has been applied with the greatest success in several schools and other large establishments; and lately, in the neighbourhood of Rochester, above 300 children have been effectually relieved by it.

The Dropsy.—It is asserted that the dropsy may be cured by drinking, for a considerable period, the juice of the blackberry twice a day.

THE RECORD.

—A thing of Shreds and Patches!—HAWLEY.

A method of working pumps, by means of a capstan, has lately been invented by P. T. Voorhees, first Lieut. of the U. S. ship Washington. The machinery is simple, not expensive, and so constructed as to admit the common way of working the pumps with less fatigue than is usual.

The new machinery lately erected at Fair Mount, for supplying the city of Philadelphia with water, is almost completed. It is computed that, when finished, the quantity of water forced into the reservoir by the

eight wheels, will be eight millions of gallons in twenty-four hours.

Another machine has been invented by Samuel Davidson, of Romulus, (N. Y.) for dressing flax. Its whole cost, including the patent-right, is only forty dollars. It has been tried by many of the respectable farmers. They estimate the saving in labour at three-fourths, and the saving in flax at one-fifth, compared with the common mode; while it leaves the texture of the thread unbroken. By the use of this machine the process of rotting may be dispensed with, as it will answer for dressing the flax either with or without rotting.

Several successful experiments have been made this year in Pennsylvania and New-Jersey, to raise cotton in those states.

The editor of the Perry Forrester says he has been put in possession of a small water-turtle, a toad, the roof of a horse's mouth, and a wasp or bees' nest, all petrified into solid stone.

Indian corn in the milk, raised from Alabama seed, was lately sold in Providence, at 20 cents a dozen. On an ear of average size, 18 rows and 846 kernels were counted. Gardeners will consult their interest by the cultivation of this new variety, as it comes in when peas, beans, and the ordinary kinds of corn are out of season.

The report in circulation some time since of the intended visit of Mr. Braham, (the celebrated musician) to the United States, and of the enormous salary to be given him as an inducement to visit us, is declared to be utterly unfounded.

Mr. Mathews is to make his first appearance in Baltimore. The theatre in that city opens on the 23d inst.

A parcel of alligator's eggs, lately brought to Charleston (Carolina), after lying for five weeks in an open keg, amongst some shavings in an exposed place, in a cooper's yard, brought forth from ten to twelve young alligators, from four to six inches in length; which, on being put into a tub of water, and placed in the sun, sported about with all the life and activity usually displayed by that animal when in its appropriate element.

EDITORIAL NOTICES.

No. XXV. of the MINERVA will contain the following articles:

POPULAR TALES.—*The Twin Brothers of Meszoriania*, an African Tale.—*The Military Mendicant*.

THE TRAVELLER.—*Modern Amazons*, from the Varieties of Literature.

LITERATURE.—*The Vale of Aldomar*, an original MS. poem, by a native bard.

THE DRAMA.—*Paris Theatre*, No. II.—*Dramatic Anecdotes*.

BIOGRAPHY.—*Sketch of the Life of Julia Gonzaga*.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.—*On Painting and Sculpture*.—*Agricultural Memoranda*.—*Natural History*.—*Scientific Notices* from foreign journals.—*Minerva Medica*.

POETRY.—*Sketches of Life*, No. II. with other original pieces.

GLEANS, RECORD, DEATHS and MARRIAGES, ENIGMAS, CHRONOLOGY.

MARRIED,

On the 12th inst. William H. Franklin to Hannah Redmond.

On Wednesday last week, Mr. Allan Sniffen to Miss Eliza Lawrence.

Mr. John McDevitt to Miss Eliza Brown.

On Saturday, Mr. John Wigam to Miss Harriet A. E. Robertson.

On Thursday, Mr. John Reinsen to Miss Margaret Berthoff.

On the 15th, Mr. Paul Loudrey to Miss Mary Ann Culley.

On the 16th, Mr. Henry Milton to Miss Charlotte Demeray.

DIED,

On the 5th inst. in the 25th year of her age, Mary Hyer, eldest daughter of Garret Hyer.

Mr. Robert Russel, in the 68th year of his age.

On Wednesday evening, Mrs. Emily A. Morse, consort of E. Morse, in the 26th year of her age.

On the 13th, Mr. Thomas Williams, in the 57th year of his age.

Wm. Ross, aged 59 years.

On the 16th, at the advanced age of 93 years, Mrs. Jane Minugh.

Owen McLaughlin, a native of Ireland.

Richard Furman, jr. of consumption.

POETRY.

"It is the gift of POETRY to hallow every place in which it moves; to breathe round nature an odour more exquisite than the perfume of the rose, and to shed over it a light more magical than the blush of morning."

For the Minerva.

SONG.

LOVE'S MUSIC.

Air—"Begone Dull Care."

Where Phœbus slept,
Young Cupid chanc'd to stray;
The sly god crept,
And stole his harp away;
Enchanted with its magic sound,
He struck the wires along,
And soon the art of the minstrel found
To wake its chords to song.

Then pleas'd he hid
To his mother's roseate bow'r,
Elate with pride,
To show his new-learn'd pow'r:
When Venus heard, she said with joy,
"Go, throw your arrows by;
Your lute shall conquer, my blooming boy,
Where darts were vain to try."

The realms above
He left for earth again,
Resolv'd to prove
His all-subduing strain;
And ever since, so maidens say,
Love wounds their hearts no more,
But when they hear the young archer play,
They needs must ope the door.

LAURENCE.

For the Minerva.

EMMA.

Where the willow is mournfully weeping,
Low bending, lamenting her doom,
The once lovely Emma is sleeping,
The cold sleep of death in the tomb.

Her eye was once bright as thine, Mary;
Her cheek was as blooming and fair,
And her form was as light as the fairy
That floats on the pinions of air.

On her lip was the sweet smile of pleasure,
When the friends she held dear were around;
And her heart—oh, her heart was a treasure,
Which seldom on earth can be found!

She was fair as the rose in its splendour;
She was pure as the first sigh of love;
And her heart was as guileless and tender
As the heart of an angel above:

But the worm of disease slowly creeping,
Ere it reach'd the heart of the fair;
And the once lovely Emma is sleeping
Neath the low-bending willow tree there.

B.

For the Minerva.

SKETCHES OF LIFE.

No. 1.

I have seen the poor African bound to the stake,
While his wife and his children for mercy implore;
I have seen the white mounter ne'er deigning to speak,
Enslaving the lash in the African's gore;
I have seen the wretch writhing 'round the stake where
he stood,
While heart-rending cries would his anguish proclaim;
I have seen the pale mounter with hands dripping blood:
I too am a man, and I blush for the name.

I mark'd an old man o'erloaded with gold,
And dimly his eyes through his spectacles shone,
As he told o'er the wealth he so often had told,
And he sigh'd when he thought he must leave it so soon;
I heard the loud cry of distress at his door,
From a woe-begone wretch—faint with hunger, it came;
His hand was still clasp'd—he reliev'd not the poor:
I too am a man, and I blush for the name.

The shouts of loud mirth, and the reveller's song,
Met my ear from an inn that then stood in my view;
Ah! yes, I exclaimed, I shall here meet a throng
Of heartiest and generous, noble and true:
I enter'd the door—they were scatter'd around
And half-emptied bottles and void of all shame,
They were drenching in filth, in the dust, on the ground:
I too am a man, and I blush for the name.

B.

For the Minerva.

TO SALONINA.

Francesca's harp is all unstrung,
And murmuring mourn the once gay throng,
Whose greatest pride was, while she sung,
Her dulcet measures to prolong.

Francesca's harp hath lost its tone,
And Music, heavenly maid, on high,
Casts on the harp, with moss o'ergrown,
And sighs the while, a tear-fraught eye.

Francesca, wake! nor let the grove
Alone employ each studious hour;
Think thou hast friends thy strains who love
As much as thou thy woodland bow'r.

Francesca, wake! thy harp resume;
Weave, if thou wilt, a garland round it;
But, from thy grove or grotto's gloom,
Oh! to thy friends, at distance, sound it.

B.

EVENING REFLECTIONS
IN THE COUNTRY.

Here pensive alone, at the close of the day,
I wander these fields and these woodlands among,
Afar from the city, so noisy and gay,
Where lately I join'd in the quick passing throng.

The shadows of twilight are stealing around,
The hills at a distance but faintly are seen;
The hamlet is silent, and scarcely a sound
Disturbs the deep stillness that reigns on the green.

Ah! surely these shades and this tranquil retreat,
For the dwelling of Peace and Content were design'd,
Where afar from the din of confusion they meet,
And feed with delight the contemplative mind.

But still, for a choice little circle I sigh,
Where social enjoyment in each bosom glows,
For the woods and the meadows can never supply
The pleasures that friendship, best friendship, bestows.

Yet some one might whisper "the days may appear
When oft I shall sigh for the rural retreat;
When, harass'd by sorrow, my heart will hold dear
A refuge where Silence and Solitude meet."

Ah! should the dark days of affliction draw nigh,
To the gloom of retirement I would not repair;
But rather to some little cottage I'd fly,
If the soft soothing voice of Affection be there.

Yet, think not the beauties of Nature impart
No transport of pleasure, no tranquil delight;
Oh! yes, they have charms that are dear to my heart:
When Friendship and Solitude sweetly unite.

But, hush for a moment—far distant I hear,
In the midst of the woodlands, a nightingale's song:
Another, with tuneful responses, more near,
Melodiously warbles these wild woods among.

O! such be my fortune, ye charmers of night!—
Far away from the city, like you, to retire:
Like you, with a friend, to partake the delight
That contentment and rural enjoyment inspire.

MACGREGOR.

Written in Glenorchy, near the scene of the Mas-
sacre of the Macgregors.

In the vale of Glenorchy the night-breeze was sighing
O'er the tombs where the ancient Macgregors are lying;
Green are their graves by their soft murmuring river,
But the name of Macgregor has perish'd for ever—
On a red stream of light, from his gray mountains glancing,
The form of a spirit seem'd sternly advancing;
Slow o'er the heath of the dead was its motion,
As the shadow of mist o'er the foam of the ocean:
Like the sound of a stream through the still evening dying,
"Stranger, who tread'st where Macgregor is lying!
Darest thou to walk unappall'd and firm-hearted
Midst the shadowy steps of the mighty departed?—
See, round thee the cairns of the dead are disclosing
The shades that have long been in silence reposing!
Through their form dimly twinkles the moon-beam de-
scending,
As their red eye of wrath on a stranger are bending.
Our gray stones of fame though the heath-blown cover,
Round the hills of our battles our spirits still hover;
But dark are our forms by our blue patine fountains,
For we ne'er see the streams running red from the moun-
tains.

Our fame fades away like the foam of the river,
That shines in the sun ere it vanish for ever;
And no maid hangs in tears of regret o'er the story,
When the minstrel relates the decline of our glory.
The hunter of red deer now ceases to pumber
The lonely gray stones on the fields of our slumber.
Fly stranger, and let not thine eye be reverted—
Ah! why should'st thou see that our fame is departed?"

FREEDOM.

What is freedom? To mankind,
The noblest gift of Heaven's bestowing;
The spark that lights the blaze of mind,
Within the generous bosom glowing.

The schoolboy, when his task is ended,
Feels all its charms, and forward bounding;
His shout, with woodland music blended,
From hill and vale is heard resounding.

'Tis manhood's charter, which at birth
Is in his heart the deepest wrote;
Grants for his home the ample earth,
While soars his soul to worlds of thought.

What is freedom? 'Tis the flame
That in the patriot's eye is beaming,
When in his injur'd country's name
His sword is high in battle gleaming.

'Twas this that urg'd Riego,—Tell,
And Washington, and Bolivar,
To thunder forth th' oppressor's knell,
Who dared with freemen's rights to war.

And where's the wretch who would not prize
That mind-emancipating strife,
That bids undarken'd millions rise
To light, to energy, to life!

With freedom 'neath his humble thatch,
Labour may earn the fruits of earth;
Nor lordly idler dare to snatch
The meed of industry and worth.

With freedom blest, the gallant youth
To moon-lit grove at eve may hie,
To greet the gentle maid, whose truth
The despot's gold could never buy.

What to the slave is this fair world;
Her fields with yellow crops that wave;
What, but hideous chaos hurl'd—
To crawl upon—and choose a grave.

But there is not so poor a land,
That freemen tread, but every clod
Gives blessings to th' industrious hand,
And speaks an ever-bounteous God!

"THE HOPES OF MY BOYHOOD."

There is life in the greenward,
There's bloom on the bough!
But the hopes of my boyhood
Oh, where are they now?

The spring dew may charm forth
The bud on its stem;
But what spring can awaken
Fresh beauty in them?

Alas! that such visions
Should e'er fade away!
Alas! that such sweet smiles
Should ever betray!

The breeze sighs on many,
But tarries with none—
And such is thy love, oh!
Thou treacherous one!

There's no gloom on the green fields,
No cloud in the air,
And the dreams of my boyhood,
How lovely they were!
But the spell is all broken,
Its magic is o'er,
And the voice of the charmer
Shall win me no more!

ENIGMAS.

"And justly the wise man thus preach'd to us all,
Despise not the value of things that are small."

Answers to Puzzles in our last.

PUZZLE I.—Because it makes hot shot.

PUZZLE II.—Spin-nett.

PUZZLE III.—Trip-thong.

Answer to the Rebus in No. 20.

Bee-Hive.

NEW PUZZLES.

I.

Mrs. Twichet with her one eye,
A tail of wondrous length let fly,
And as she passed through every gap,
She left a piece of her tail in the trap.

II.

When you put on your stockings, why are you
sure to make a mistake?

III.

When you go to bed, why is your slipper like
an unsuccessful dun?

CHRONOLOGY.

From the creation to the present time.

Before Christ.

232. Spur. Carvilius, the first Roman who di-
vorced his wife.

231. The Sardinians and Corsicans defeated.

230. Teuta, queen of Illyria, allowing her sub-
jects to act as pirates, put to death the Roman
envoys.

229. War against Illyria by sea and land: the
Romans took several towns.

— Cleomenes, king of Sparta, put to death the
Ephori.

228. Teuta obtained peace on agreeing to pay
yearly tribute.

— The Etolians conspired against the A-
chaïans.

— Seleucus III. son of Antiochus Callinicus,
reigned in Syria 3 years.

226. Great preparations at Rome against the Cis-
alpine Gauls.

— Hiero furnished victuals for the army,
which was paid at the peace.

225. Great battle between the Gauls and Ro-
mans. The former lost their king, and were
defeated.

224. The consuls defeated the Boii and Insubrians,
and passed the Po the first time.

— Antiochus the Great became king of Syria,
and reigned 36 years.

— Earthquake which overturned the colossus
at Rhodes.

— Simon II. son of Onias II. the twelfth high
priest after the captivity, reigned 20 years.

223. The Gauls again defeated.

222. The Insubrians subdued.

— Cleomenes, overcome by Antigonus, fled to
Egypt. Antigonus took Sparta, and restored
its liberty.

221. Ptol. Philopater, fourth king of Egypt, reigned
17 years.

— Death of Antigonus, king of Macedonia.

220. The citizens of Rome amounted to 276,216.
Four new tribes added of slaves set at li-
berty.

— Androlas being killed, Annibal succeeded
him in Spain.

— Philip, king of Macedon, began to reign,
being of age. He ruled 42 years.

219. Emilius, consul, defeated the Illyrians—
Demetrius, their king, took refuge with
Philip.

— Annibal subdued Spain as far as the Ebro.

— Archagathus, the first physician that came
to Rome.

— Annibal took Saguntum, a city allied with
Rome. The inhabitants, after a siege of 7
months, all perished by the swords of the ene-
my or their own.

— The Romans sent ambassadors to demand
Annibal. Carthage refused to deliver him.

— Beginning of the war between the Achaïans
and the Etolians.

— Extinction of the race of Hercules at Sparta.

218. Second Punic war.

— Scipio sent into Spain; Sempronius into
Africa.

— Annibal crossed the Alps with an army of
90,000 foot and 12,000 horse.

217. Flaminius, consul, defeated and slain with
15,000 men, by Annibal, near the lake Tra-
sime. Q. Fabius Maximus, the dictator,
gained time, and recovered the affairs of
Rome.

— Antiochus the Great came to Jerusalem, and
wishing to enter the holy of holies, was pre-
vented by a prodigy.

216. Famous victory of Annibal over the Ro-
mans at Cannæ. 40,000 killed, 3,000 pris-
oners.

— Antiochus crossed Mount Taurus, made an
alliance with Attalus, and declared war a-
gainst Acheus.

— The Romans refused to ransom the prisoners
taken at Cannæ. Several nations in Italy
submitted to Annibal. Philopater deterred
by prodigies from obliging the Jews to change
their religion.

215. Philip, king of Macedon, made an alliance
with Annibal.

— After the death of Hiero, his grandchild,
Hieronimus, ruined the kingdom of Sicily.

214. Acheus revolted against Antiochus, took re-
fuge at Sardes, where he was besieged.

— Archimedes saved the town of Syracuse
from falling into the hands of the Romans.

213. Syracuse taken by the Romans, after a 3
years' siege. Archimedes, the celebrated ma-
thematician, slain. The two Scipios were
killed in Spain.

— Luc. Marcius defeated the Carthaginians,
with the slaughter of 37,000 men.

— Annibal took Tarentum.

212. Gracchus, proconsul, assassinated by treach-
ery. The Romans wasting Greece, the A-
chaïans implor'd aid of Philip.

211. Publius Scipio, aged 24, sent into Spain.

— Antiochus the Great conquered Judea.

210. P. Scipio took New Carthage in Spain.

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